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Summary: Alexandra Winchester had absolutely no time for this. Seriously, she was supposed to be having the time of her life right now but instead she was currently freezing her ass off as she stumbled through the pitch black woods, having no idea how she got there. Time Travel.

1. Crash Landing

Prologue: Crash Landing

Alexandra Winchester had absolutely no time for this bullshit. Seriously, she was supposed to be having the time of her life, drinking far too much and flirting with all the wrong people for all the wrong reasons but oh, no. No, instead she was currently freezing her ass off as she stumbled through the pitch black woods. She doesn't even remember how she got here. One minute she was doing a tequila shot out of Becky Hammond's belly button to the delight of several college boys around her and the next she was eating a mouthful of dirt. She'd no idea where the hell she was, she'd literally never seen this place in her entire life. She swore violently as her stiletto wobbled over a tree root and she nearly took a header into the trunk. She caught herself in time but her hands took a serious scraping against the bark, she whimpered at the sting and pushed herself upright only to trip over god knows what and fall straight onto her back. She lay there stunned for a minute before screaming in pure frustration.

"Oh, fuck off!"

She held her breath, half hoping that someone, anyone, was going to reply to her deafening cuss but clearly luck was not on her side tonight because there wasn't so much of an owl hoot in reply. Just more dead silence. Seriously, there was not one sound, it was by far the creepiest thing she'd ever not heard. With an irritated huff she pushed herself back onto her feet, hissing as dirt pushed itself into her cut up hands. She straightened her spine and started walking again, giving herself a mental pep talk that she could absolutely make it out of this weird ass place and that any minute she would find a house, or a road or at the very least a gas station. She startled as someone moved to the left and she swore blind that it was a little girl in a pink dress. She paused in her stomping and squinted into the darkness, nothing moved and she let out a little nervous giggle. Why would a young girl be out here at this time of night. *She* wasn't even supposed to be out here this time of night.

"I've went insane."

Forty minutes and one humiliating pee in a bush later she was about ready to sit in the dirt and weep until someone found her or she died of exposure. Frankly at this point in time she wasn't even sure what one she would prefer. She was still half drunk, hungry, tired, cold and her feet were killing her. She was never wearing a pair of high heels again, even if you paid her. Perhaps she was becoming delirious but she actually was beginning to think that she could make out a car just ahead of her. She gave a little shout of excitement and hurried towards it, a new found energy at the prospect of finally, finally being rescued. However, on par with her luck this evening that was not going to happen. While, yes there was a car ahead, there was also another and another and a goddamn school bus but every single one of them was gutted and rusted and utterly useless. Of course she'd found a scrap yard and not a car park or a building or anything remotely useful to her right now. Screw her life. She was done. Done.

She stomped her way into the school bus and bitterly rejoiced that at least the stupid thing had functional seats. She took a seat onto the one with the most padding, her fingers angrily undoing her shoes and she kicked them haphazardly against the opposite window before flopping back across the bench, her now bare and swollen feet hanging over the edge. She could admit to herself that she was more than likely going to be murdered for taking a nap here but honestly right now she would have welcomed sweet death. She flung an arm over her eyes and started to count, she'd barely hit ten before she was out for the count.

At first when she woke she'd kind of forgot where she was or maybe she just hoping that it had been a horribly vivid dream but as her head made contact rather harshly with the solid metal behind her she realised that was a fruitless hope. She yelped and cradled the back of her head, the dull ache had her gritting her teeth before letting out a string of curse words that would have made a stripper blush.

"Oh, wow."

Her eyes shot open and she scrambled to sit up at the sound of a voice that was not her own. She squinted harshly at the sun streaming in through the window before her eyes fell on a young boy. He was gaping at her, mouth wide and she spotted several teeth missing. He had a compass clutched in one hand and a half eaten

candy bar in the other. Her hand shot out and grabbed the candy and she shoved the remainder of the bar into her mouth with no remorse, a quiet moan leaving her at the sweet taste. Her stomach grumbled violently not satisfied with the little amount of food that it was receiving.

"Dude..."

She coughed a slight flush on her cheeks, "Sorry." Before deciding no she wasn't, "Actually, no. I'm starving and frankly I needed it more than you."

He looked like he was about to protest but she didn't give him the chance as she staggered to her feet and gripped his shoulder, a momentarily relief shooting through her at realising he was in fact real. She gave herself a minute before griping him firmly and leaning down into his personal space.

"Where the hell am I?"

"How do you not know?" He scoffed, "Are you wasted?"

She glared at him, eyes wide and hair wild, "Look you little shithead _"

"Rude."

"Do I look like I'm fucking around right now? Look at me! Do I look like I belong here?"

He took her ranting as a literal direction and actually took a moment to look at her and deduced that no she clearly did not look like she belonged here. Bare feet, high rise leather pants, a cropped white top, make up smeared around her eyes and long tangled blonde hair. He would have called her pretty if not for the sheer murderous look in her eyes.

"Jesus, calm down." His eyes widened as she sucked in a sharp breath, her fingernails digging into his shoulder before she visibly reined in her temper and a soft smile replaced the crazy snarl she was previously sporting. Okay, wow, she actually was pretty.

"I'm sorry." She smoothed out the wrinkles she'd created on his top,
"What's your name?"

He blinked at the new calm and soothing tone, "Dustin."

"Okay, Dusty. Can you just help a girl out? Please?" The fake tone took a real turn on the last word and he kind of felt sorry for her.

"Hawkins." She stared at him blankly, "Hawkins? You know Indiana?"

She kept staring before her gaze fell to his side and she frowned. He followed her gaze and saw she was staring at his radio. He shuffled a little uncomfortably at the intense attention.

"Do you have a phone?"

"Sure, at the house."

"You don't have an Iphone?" She trailed off at his look and smirked,
"What? You more of a samsung kid?"

Now it was his turn to stare at her, "What?"

Lexa was officially nauseous and it didn't have anything to with the volume of booze she had consumed last night. Nothing was making sense, this little weird kid, his stupid radio, his lack of Apple vs Samsung rage. What kid didn't have a cell? She was one step away from hyperventilating. One more thing was about to set her off and she felt insane for even forming the thought never mind the words but she had to know for sure.

"What..what year is it?"

"Did you hit your head?"

"Kid, I swear to god!"

He flinches back from her shrieking voice, "Holy shit. It's 1984!"

Her grip goes slack and she sits with a thud back onto the seat behind her, her face stark white, eyes wide as she goes into a full on panic attack. Dustin eyes the door debating whether to make a run for it

while he can but helping out weird girls has worked out well for him in the past so he decides to go with it.

"Are you okay?"

She laughs hysterically as she pants for air, "Well either I'm crazy, you're crazy or I've somehow time travelled to the past." She nods at nothing in particular, "No, clearly one of us is crazy. Don't worry, it's probably me."

Dustin is inclined to agree with her but then remembers Eleven and all the weird and awesome stuff she can do. No way. *No way*. What if she actually was? She seems pretty sure she is or she's insane but he's really hoping that it's the first one. His mind is currently blown right now. Not only did he meet someone with superpowers but now he's met some crazy girl that can literally move through time. Sure she seems a little mean but he can't judge her for it. It must be pretty mental when you first discover your powers, although he'd like to think he'd handle it a little better. Can you imagine being friends with an actual time traveller, he could go anywhere at any time whenever he wanted. Oh, he was so glad he left his compass here or he would have never met this pretty and completely psycho girl. It was fate.

He grinned a wide and toothless smile at her bent head, "You're awesome. I can't wait to show you to all my friends. I met a real life time traveller. Hah, suck it, Mike." He turns, easily finding her shoes and all but shoves them at her and impatiently gestures for her to follow him, "C'mon, let's go!"

She stares up at him as if he's the most stupid person she's ever come across, hysterical tears still flowing down her face, snot dripping from her nose and by god if she's not the most glorious thing he's ever seen.

Best day ever.

2. Summer Daze

Sorry about the formating. Hopefully its fixed now!

Introduction: Summer Daze

Dustin informs her that it's early July as she awkwardly rides bitch on the back of his bike. She's entirely too big for it but he gives it his best shot especially when she refuses to put her shoes back on to walk. She got some odd looks when they finally started making their way through town and she can only imagine that she looks like utter crap but frankly she couldn't give a flying fuck at this point in time. It looks like a charming, quiet little town and she hates it already. It's possible she's actually died and this hell. This belief is further cemented when Dustin will *not* shut up. Seriously, the ride to his house is uncomfortable enough without the kid rambling on about demodogs and she's not even broaching the subject of what the hell the upside down is. She'd rather not know. She'd rather wake up tomorrow in her comfortable bed, in her own room, her own time, with a hangover from hell and the most whacked out dream story to tell all her friends.

Dustin did not share her belief that this was all a weird fever dream and as such he'd came up with the most complicated and intricate back story for her to spin to his mother. She'd opened her mouth to spout a cutting remark about why on earth did she need to meet his mother before she remembered that oh yeah she was currently homeless, parentless and broke. She didn't even have a goddamn birth certificate because she wasn't even born yet. She still thought she'd had a psychotic break but Dustin really did seem pretty convinced that it was 1984 and if what she was witnessing on the ride to his house was anything to go by, he wasn't lying. The fashion choices alone were horrifying enough for her to maybe, *maybe* consider that this was actually happening.

He'd barely let her get off the bike before he was dragging her into his house, screaming for his mother. She appeared, flustered and nervous, a hand pressed to her chest in fright. Lexa had took one look at that sweet little lady's face and promptly forget every lie Dustin told her to tell and instead burst into loud messy tears. The older

woman startled but didn't hesitate to take the dirt covered teenage girl into her arms, her eyes searching her sons for an explanation. She still has absolutely no idea what the kid said but the next thing she knows the Chief of Police is kneeling down in front of her, asking her questions she has no answers to and it only starts another wave of hysterical tears. She probably would have laughed at the comical look of surprised terror on his face in the face of her hysteria if her world wasn't currently imploding. She doesn't know how or why but god bless that little curly haired weirdo for whatever he said because whatever it was worked. She gets to stay. Despite her serious reservations.

She's his cousin now. He'd profusely argued this with his mother for an entire week, about how he didn't want a cousin and his mother asking what other explanation could there be about a strange girl suddenly living in the house with them that no one else had heard of. He quietened down real quick when faced with the option of her being his cousin or her going into foster care and potentially having to leave Hawkins. Mrs Henderson could be a sneaky cow when she wanted to be. Alexandra or Lexa as she furiously insisted upon proper introduction was completely in love with the woman. She was entirely too gullible and had no business taking in a stranger but by god what a superstar.

She had been here three weeks now and in that time Dustin's mom had fed, clothed and cared for her more than her own mother had ever done. She'd also enrolled her in high school but Lexa actually wasn't too thankful about that one. She was kind of hoping that she wouldn't be around for when school started but given her current success at getting back home she wasn't going to hold her breath. She spent the next week moody and holed up in her bedroom actively refusing to admit that she wasn't getting home.

Dustin finally convinced her to come out of hibernation via various begging and bribery. She instantly regretted it when a day later she was forced to meet 'Toothless' little friends. Bowl cut, Fish lips and Bug eyes were just as weird if not weirder than him and she would have no time for them if not for the fact they were the only ones that knew the truth about her. She's adamant about this fact and wouldn't admit it under torture but they were actually kind of sweet and she

didn't entirely hate the little shits. In return for her rather short and uneventful story of her arrival, they finally told her about Eleven and the upside down and all the crazy stuff they had got up to the past year and Lexa wondered if she'd actually travelled to a different universe instead of a different time but didn't dare dwell on it because that was going to be a bit much for her fragile mind to handle right now. She wishes she could meet Eleven though because from what she's heard the kid is a bit of a badass and is possibly the only person that could actually help her figure this out. But whatever she's rolling with it.

It's September now and Dustin is in a mood with her because it seems that she's unable to actually time travel more than the once, despite various efforts to do so. All at once his dreams of visiting all his top historical moments are shattered. His mood lasts four days and she can only take his pouting for so long before she cracks. He only brightens when she presents him with new comic books, though he still gives her a hard time about what a disappointment she turned out to be. His little friends don't seem as put out as he is, if anything they seem to be a little too happy that she won't be going home any time soon and she'd be flattered if she wasn't so utterly sick of the 80s already. Being officially accepted into the fold means she starts to get introduced to the extended family. She meets Nancy and Steve soon after and she is not a fan. Nancy is everything she is not and she's sure she's a nice person but it's a straight no from her. She's a feeling that it's mutual so doesn't feel too bad about it. Steve stares, like a lot and Lexa is half tempted to poke him in the eye with the nearest sharp object. The only reason she hasn't is that he's vaguely funny, barely, like seriously the smallest amount of funny a person can be. Despite her absolute reservations about the couple she does start spending time with them. Purely because they are the only ones close to her age. She's certain of this fact.

Hopper does her a solid a week or so later and gets her a job interview when she wouldn't stop moaning every time he bumped into her about a car and asking how she was meant to go anywhere in this hick little town. He'd met her venomous stare head on when he suggested she walked. She was a little impressed, she was told her medusa stare was more than a little scary. She'd been saving relentlessly since which was fairly easy when your only friends were

four kids and Steve and Nancy who apparently seemed to do sweet f a. Mrs H had gave her a little extra money, okay a lot, okay most of the money to help her out when she told her her plans and now she owns the shittiest car she'd ever seen in her life. The thing broke down every four days but at least it gave her a little extra freedom. The extra money also went on new clothes because by god the ones she'd been gifted were awful. She'd had to go to the next town over to find anything she remotely liked and even then it was slim pickings. Jeans were a literal godsend at this point. The top she arrived in was ruined beyond belief but her pants had survived and despite Mrs H's strong objections they were safely tucked in her dresser because frankly a girl needed an emergency pair of leather pants. The heels were quickly lit on fire.

She sadly still hangs around with the Fantastic Four but she's been here awhile now and she needs to socialise with someone that's her own age and not Steve Harrington. Although he's still like a bad penny that won't go away. She meets a few girls that go to the high school, some are okay, some are vapid bitches but she can live with it, Lexa can sort of be a bitch too. She makes friends easy but she's super content to be by herself most of the time, often she prefers it. Friends do come in handy for a good party though, which despite her last experience drinking, she still enjoys. Probably enjoys it now more than she ever did because there's nothing else to do in this town. She's worried she's going to develop a drinking problem. She misses Netflix more than she's comfortable admitting. She's quickly gaining a reputation as a party girl and her surrogate mother is starting to notice. She lays down the law pretty quickly but Lexa is crafty and finds ways of slipping in and out undetected. Bribing Dustin is also very helpful. She swears he's halfway in love with her and says so over breakfast one morning, if only to witness the violent flush that takes over his face and Mrs H's scandalised expression.

Its October and with dread in her belly she realises she'll be starting school soon and she doesn't know why but everything feels more real now. She's never going home. This is going to be her life now, Dustin and his mom are her new family and she's never going to see her old one again, even her shitty Mom. She spends two days in her room sobbing and Dustin has never felt more relief than when she finally emerged and flicked his forehead whilst calling him a nerd and to get

out her face. She's finally accepted the reality of her situation and okay it isn't how she was expecting her life to go but she could deal with it. It could have been a hell of a lot worse. She could have been dead.

So standing there staring up at the hellmouth, excuse her she means school, isn't so scary after all. Its school, it's nothing. Absolutely nothing. She has nothing to worry about other than living a now boring existence. God, she was going to end up fat and pregnant to Steve Harrington's illegitimate child and her, Steve and Nancy were going to raise their weird little kids on a ranch or some shit in an awkward threeway because they were all too co-dependent on each other. Even still she's got herself pretty convinced that is really worse case scenario and things aren't really going to be that bad when a redheaded girl skates by her and knocks her bag out of her hands, the contents spilling on the ground everywhere. Lexa stares at it like a bad omen.

Oh, honestly. Fuck Hawkins.

3. New Kids

Chapter One: New Kids

Lexa had transferred schools once back in the day. Forward in the day? Whatever, her Mom had an affair and her father figured moving state was going to solve all their problems. It didn't but that's beside the point. Anyway she was forced to start over at a new school and it is horrendous. Everyone stares and whispers and points like they're in a cheesy teen movie and everyone wants to know who you are, where you live, what you like. Luckily she already knows a few people from the parties over summer so it's not quite as bad as it could have been but still it's all very invasive and she cannot be bothered with the unnecessary introduction at the start of all her classes like she hasn't already met half of them in the last lesson. It seems though that she isn't the only newbie in town. Billy Hargrove. She feels like she should be shrieking with girlish glee even just uttering the name if Tiffany's reaction is anything to go by. She's yet to meet the guy but christ has he got a lot to live up to. The guys been here a grand total of two hours and already half the female population are wet for him. In saying that the other half are so far up Steve's ass she's surprised they can even breathe and she does not understand that one little bit either. Someone called him King Steve at a party two weeks ago in the filthiest voice she'd ever been witness to and she nearly choked on her beer. Honestly this town is so repressed. And yet here she stands.

She's hoping to slip into an empty seat but her new teacher clocks her before she can even think of making a move and full on tuts at her as he makes her stand at the front of the class. She's fairly certain she's been standing there a full three minutes before he even turns back around and he then it's to acknowledge someone else.

"Ah, here's our other new student. Excellent timing, Mr Hargrove."

Lexa turns to get a good look at the seemingly panty dropping Billy Hargrove and yeah okay he's decent, pretty eyes, nice bod from what she can see but oh that hair needs to go. It needs to go and never come back. Seeing it makes her mentally take back every bad word she ever said about Steve's, his was glorious in comparison. Still

objectively he's attractive. Fine he's smoking hot but she'll choke before she admits that out loud. It takes her a moment but she realises he's giving her just as much a once over as she had done to him and apparently he likes what he sees because his mouth hitches up at the side. She raises a brow when she catches his eye and his mouth spreads into a full blown smirk. She rolls her eyes and turns back to the teacher, hoping to god this is the shortest introduction of her life.

"Everyone this is Alexandra -"

"Lexa." She interrupts snippily.

"- Alexandra Winchester and William-

"Billy."

"- Hargrove. I hope everyone is making them feel welcome. Would either of you like to tell the class something about yourselves?"

"No."

Her answer is echoed by Billy and Mr Thompson looks a little put out and unhappily directs them to the empty seats in the middle aisle. Billy slips in the one right at the back and she bites back an unhappy grumble and takes the one left in front of him. Her ass has barely hit the seat before there's a tap on her shoulder and warm breath against her ear.

"Can I borrow a pencil?"

Lexa glances at the front and see's Mr Thompson is still writing out the lesson plan on the board and effectively ignoring the chattering class. Clearly he's still put out that the new kids didn't want to play along with his introduction charade. She twists just slightly to see Billy's face far too close to her own given they have just met. Pretty he may be but he was seriously invading her personal bubble right now.

She purses her lips in annoyance, "You didn't bring a pencil on your first day?"

He smiles widely at her and she blinks because okay that is bright as hell, "No."

She stares at him and he stares at her until she blindly reaches for her spare pencil and holds it up for him. He takes it from her and lets his fingers graze her own before he pulls away and she smothers a laugh because it is such a move and he clearly thinks he's being subtle.

"Thanks."

She glances away and startles when she finds Steve staring right back at her. She scowls at him and mouths 'what?' before he shrugs and turns back to the front of the room. She stares at the back of his head, she knows he knows she's doing it but he still doesn't acknowledge her. It's both comforting and horrifying to know that boys have remained mainly unchanged in any timeline she's in.

Turns out Billy is in three of her classes and Tiffany is about to blow aasket because she only has one with him and he didn't even look at her once the entire time and now she's heard that Lexa had given him a pencil. A freaking pencil. You would have honestly thought she'd given him a blowy right there in the middle of class with the emphasis that was getting put on this pencil. She got it, Billy was attractive but she'd barely spoke to the guy and from what she'd heard throughout the day he was actually a bit of dick so she didn't really get the obsession. Then she remembered this is Hawkins and everyone here has known each other since they were in diapers and he's probably the most interesting thing to roll into this town since well her. She might be bias but she's willing to bet she's coming out on top with that one. He did have a better car though, not that she's bitter or anything when she spots the hot little blue camaro in the lot after school. Old Bessie gets her from A to B and she wouldn't trade her for anything in the world. She's a big fat liar of course but still, Alexandra Winchester is a loyal bitch.

Man, she does miss her impala though.

Anyway Tiffany has all but bullied her into attending Tina's Halloween party by the time they reach her shit heap of a car and Lexa is not on board. I mean the dressing up and drinking 110% but it's on a freaking Wednesday and she figures she might die if she has

to deal with her third day of school majorly hungover. She figures she could just not drink and then chuckles to herself, as if that was going to happen. She leaves Tiffany with a vague promise of attending before it occurs to her that she has to get a costume.

She settles on Sandy Olsson. It's a total cliché but it requires little to no effort on her part, she already has her leather pants and a leather jacket so all she has to do is curl her blonde hair and get a new top. She forgoes the red high heels in favour of her combat boots because she has learned her lesson with that thank you very much.

Dustin full on chokes when he sees her and Mrs H blushes and asks if she wants to borrow any of her old clothes instead, because she doesn't want to give people the wrong impression of her. She's taking that as a compliment. She's self assured enough to know she looks good, sure she doesn't have massive boobs but she's worked super hard on her glutes and the tight pants are definitely emphasising that right now.

She figured she'd be the most 'scandalously' dressed girl at the party in her painted on outfit but she can full on see Mandy's entire ass from across the room. Who knew 1984 had girls that liked to push the limits too. She smirks into her drink when Mandy stomps a heel into Bryan Telford's foot when he goes for a sneaky grab. Good for her. She makes a mental note to make more effort with the girl at school tomorrow, there may be hope for the girls of this place yet.

While there's more risk takers in Hawkins than she realised there still aren't any girls that danced like her. The evolution of dance had pretty much resorted to shaking your ass in a tantalizing way and swinging your hair about. Which she was currently doing when Nancy wobbles into her line of sight and smiles brightly at her. Lexa raises her eyebrows in response, a little surprised at the welcome. Nancy latches onto her, her drink sloshing onto the sleeve of Lexa's jacket who grimaces because the jacket is actually pretty expensive and she doesn't have the cash to replace it already. A sweet sickly smell of booze hits Lexa full force in the face as Nancy leans way too close to her to apologise and she chuckles because of course Nancy is wasted right now. She steadies the other girl and starts looking around for Steve. She spots him at the other end of the room and starts navigating Nancy over to him, one hand pressed against the

brunettes back, the other holding her drink above her head to avoid it getting spilled. Lexa was absolutely not looking to be someone's babysitter right now.

A chanting of 'Billy' reaches her ears as she weaves them through the crowd. She rolls her eyes, she can only imagine what he's done to deserve the worship. They stop in front of Steve and the total dweeb is wearing sunglasses indoors, at night. He smiles widely at them, an arm going round each of them.

"My favourite girls."

Nancy beams and Lexa fake gags. She spins out of his grasp and right into someone's naked chest. Its wet with booze and actually very nice. She presses a hand against hard abs, her eyes trailing upwards until they meet the very amused stare of Billy Hargrove. She pouts because of course it's him and not some random attractive stranger than she would like to get to know.

"Hah, we've got a new keg King now."

"Yeah, eat it, Harrington."

Billy's eyes sweep over her head and lose their amusement when he locks stares with Steve. Both take a step forward and Steve whips off his sunglasses to properly stare down Billy. She's kind of trapped between them now and maybe it's the booze taking hold but she's rather enjoying being there. It takes her a minute before it fully sinks in what has actually been said and she swivels around to face Steve. Her back is now pressed snugly to Billy's front, she's not even aware of the hand that comes to rest low on her hip as she does so.

She snorts and waves her cup in Steve's face, "That's why they call you King?"

Steve seems torn between his stare down with Billy and answering her. She eventually seems to win though, "What did you think it was for?"

She shrugs and leans back further into Billy as she drains her cup empty, her head briefly tipping back onto his shoulder as she drinks

down every last bit, "I dunno. That's so vanilla. I expected better from you."

He opens his mouth to argue but Nancy takes off at the same time and Steve hurries after her, his face concerned. If she wasn't half way drunk Lexa might have been a bit concerned herself. She'd been to enough parties with them at this point to know that Nancy wasn't a big drinker and it was a little out of character for her to be drunk right now.

As it was though, she was half drunk herself and was easily distracted. Tiffany waved a hand from the stairs, impatiently trying to get her attention and probably had been for the past few minutes if the scowl on her face was anything to go by. Tommy whooped from behind her. She twisted to face him and then paused as she noticed Billy's arm was snug around her waist, a large hand splayed dangerously low on her back. She tilted her head back and stared up at him but he was still staring after Steve. She oddly didn't mind it. She turned her attention onto Tommy and rolled her eyes at the stupid big grin on his face.

"Oh, what you girls got, Lexa?"

He knew fine well what Tiffany had, the same thing she had every second party. Her nose scrunched up in disgust at his lewd tone, "Screw off. You're not invited."

"Don't be a bitch." Tommy sneered. It always amused her how brave he seemed to get with her when Carol wasn't around and he'd had a few drinks.

"It's my default setting, I can't turn it off."

Billy chuckled, finally paying attention to the conversation. He nudged her further into his body and she pressed her hand to his chest to push him back a little. It seemed to do nothing to deter him though as he leaned down into her personal space.

"What are you girls up to?"

Tiffany apparently now in a mood screeched from across the room,

"Jesus Christ, Alexandra. Move your ass!"

Lexa winced and then spun to stomp towards Tiffany, pulling herself from Billy's warm grip. She was vaguely aware of Tommy tapping Billy on the arm and motioning for them to follow her. Lexa greeted Tiffany with a dark glower, her full name still bitterly echoing in her ears.

"Could you not?"

Tiffany smiled sweetly in response, grabbing her hand and tugging her upstairs into a empty bedroom. She was fairly certain Tina said upstairs was strictly off limits but then Lexa had never been good with rules. She flung herself into the middle of the bed, bouncing before she tucked her legs underneath her and stared at Tiffany expectantly. The redhead laughed as she more graciously joined her on the bed and gestured for the boys to join them. She produced rather dramatically weed from her bra and lit it. One single joint, it was a fat one but still it was one.

"What a bitter disappointment this was."

"Oh, shut up." Tiffany tutted and grabbed the blondes face, squeezing her cheeks until Lexa's pouty lips parted and then proceeded to do the worst shotgun she'd had the misfortune of receiving. She knew Tiffany thought it was attractive but she was absolutely terrible at it so it lost whatever sort of sexiness she was trying to achieve with it. She passed the joint around them.

"Christ. That was tragic."

Tommy scoffed at her, "Like you'd be any better."

Lexa turned her nose up at him as she accepted the joint off Tiffany again, "I am exemplary."

"Prove it."

Lexa would quite frankly rather die than have her lips anywhere near Tommy's but still she stared at him through hooded eyes as she sucked in a mouthful, carelessly passing the blunt back to Tiffany. Tommy sat forward in anticipation which deflated like a balloon

when instead of leaning into him she leaned into Billy. Billy to his credit wasted no time at all, his hand cupping the side of her neck and sucking in the smoke before capturing her mouth with his as she made to move back. There was no need whatsoever for him to actually be touching her right now. She sunk her teeth into his bottom lip, not enough to draw blood but enough to surprise him. He chuckled into her mouth, smoke escaping from between their lingering lips. He parted from her and ran his tongue along the bite to soothe the sting. She stared at him, inches from his face. He really did have pretty eyes. He stared back. She broke first with a muttered curse.

"I gotta pee."

She hopped up from the bed, her hand pressing against Billy's shoulder to steady herself before she was wobbling out of the room and to the bathroom, snagging Tiffany's full cup of booze on her way. Waving a dismissive hand when the other girl bitched at her back. It turned out she really did need to pee once she got in the bathroom but once she'd washed up she decided to escape for a little while in the safety of the room.

She'd just finished the last of her drink when she decided she'd probably better make her way home. She wasn't wasted but she was probably three drinks away from getting there and she did not want to spend the rest of her night potentially worshipping the porcelain gods. She whipped the door open just as a fist went to bang on the door. It narrowly avoided her face and she pressed a hand to her chest in fright.

"Watch it!"

"Sorry, Princess."

It was Billy because why not. God, he was almost as bad as Steve, forever in her bubble. She was so busy cursing him in her mind she almost didn't register what he'd called her. Her nose wrinkled in distain, "Princess?"

He leaned a shoulder against the door frame, "No?"

She scoffed and gestured to herself, "Do I look like a princess to you?"

He took a slow look over her, like glacier slow, his gaze settling on her lips, "Not really."

She took a hasty step back when he pushed himself into the room, kicking the door behind him. He stalked forwards until her back hit the counter and this was so not on. His hands gripped her hips and he was lifting her onto the counter and stepping between her legs before she was even aware he was moving. Well clearly someone thought a lot about themselves. She was about to destroy this kids ego.

"Kiss me." His voice dropped lower, deeper and it had her stomach churning pleasantly, "C'mon, hellcat. I know you want to."

His smile was mocking her and her eyes narrowed in response. She was not about to be mocked by this 1984 cliché of a bad boy. One hand slid into his hair while the other gripped his belt, her fingers dipping just below the waistband to skim against his skin. He leaned closer in response and his lips ghosted over hers before she was tugging him back sharply by the hand tangled in his hair at the nape of his neck.

He hissed as she whispered across his lips, "As if, Hargrove."

She nudged him backwards none too gently and hopped off the counter and out the door without so much as a backwards glance, a small smile on her face at Billy's sharp surprised bark of laughter from behind her.

Maybe Hawkin's was a little entertaining after all.

4. Run Ins

Chapter Two: Run Ins

Dustin has a crush. Correction Dustin has a crush that was not her and it was freaking adorable. All through breakfast it was Max this and Max that. She was still a little emotionally fragile due to her hangover which is probably why she found it so cute but whatever. She was wholeheartedly encouraging this as much as possible. Forget Lucas, she was totally Team Dustin. She told him as much as she dropped him off at school and his little chubby face light up with so much joy it was almost worth the slobbering kiss he pressed to her cheek. *Almost.*

She vaguely wondered if she should even be driving as she coasted into her parking spot and stopped harshly before she bumped the curb. The breaks squealed obnoxiously as she did it and she winced at the loud piercing noise. She jumped out and then carelessly kicked the door closed once she gathered her stuff from the back. A loud whistle had her glancing back and she uttered a pained groan as Billy checked out her car.

"Nice car." He complimented sarcastically, eyeing the massive scrape along the bumper like it had personally offended him.

"Yeah. I know it's a piece of shit. Bite me."

She started stomping away but his stupidly long legs caught up with her easily enough. He didn't say anything once he had though and she side eyed him suspiciously as he took one last drag of his cigarette before flicking it to the side. His hand found the small of her back as he directed her through the school door before he murmured a see you later and took off for his locker. She frowned at his back as he went. What an odd little duck.

She made it through the day without a need to vomit and counted the booming headache as a major success. She entered English class early to escape the overwhelming noise of the cafeteria and sighed at the blissful silence she found within. She didn't think she could physically face eating lunch and would much rather catch a little

sleep before she had to endure the rest of the day. She all but fell into her seat before she leaned back in her chair, her feet propped on the back of the one in front and her head tipped back onto the desk behind her. It wasn't the most comfortable of positions but she could already feel half her tension leave her. She closed her eyes and allowed herself to relax knowing the bell would wake her up in time. She wasn't sure how long she'd been drowsing for when a shadow fell across her face.

She opened her eyes and squinted up at the face looming over her, "Ugh, you."

"Ohh. Someone's feisty." Billy grinned down at her, "Can't handle your booze, huh?"

"Bite me, Hargrove."

The grin dropped and his eyes took on a particularly filthy look, "Name the place."

Thankfully she was saved from replying when the bell rang and Mrs Dawson hustled in. She stopped and stared in surprise at two students being in their seats already but continued on. Lexa reluctantly sat up, her head tugging back gently as Billy removed a hand that she didn't even realise had been playing with her hair. Again she mused what a weird guy he was.

Lexa was entering gym class and praying to all gods that she made it through the rest of the day when she almost tripped backwards as Steve appeared seemingly from nowhere and stood inches from her, "Jesus fucking christ."

She scowled at him and knocked his shoulder hard as she pushed past him. Boy was determined to drive her into an early grave. He followed close behind her and she briefly thought about telling him to stop riding her ass so close before deciding she'd rather not have that particular conversation right now. It would use up what little energy she had for the rest of the day.

"What's up with you and Hargrove?"

"Um, what?" She eyed him weirdly unsure why he was so bothered about it. Honestly he looked constipated with how hard he was frowning at her right now.

"I heard you made out at Tina's party." He glared when she smirked at this, amused at how fast gossip travelled in this school, "Then I heard you were flirting all day today."

"So?" She shrugged and started stretching. Both facts were untrue but she didn't see how it was any of his business. The people of this town were so weirdly involved with each other, you couldn't take a piss without someone knowing about it seconds afterwards. Lexa stopped that thought when she remembered a group of kids battled a creepy supernatural entity last year without 99% of the town having any idea.

She nodded her head behind Steve when he looked at her funny and he faltered when he realised his coach was currently glaring daggers at him. He started stretching too so he didn't get chewed out for standing around doing nothing but test her patience.

"So the guy's a real asshole, Lexa. He's been making my life hell since he got here. "

She pouted playfully at him, her arms stretching above her head, "Do you want me to make the bad boy stop being mean to you?"

Steve tore his eyes away from her chest where he'd currently been staring as she stretched and stared at her face now unamused, "You think you're funny?"

"I think I'm hilarious." She replied distractedly, her eyes focused on something over his shoulder.

Thinking it was his Coach again Steve hesitantly looked back as well and promptly threw his arms out in exasperation when he spotted a shirtless Billy saunter around like he owned the goddamn place, "You are a terrible friend, seriously the absolute worst."

She swung an arm around his shoulders which was a little comical given their height difference, "Take a pill. So I think he's hot. He's still

a giant douchebag. It's not gonna happen."

He eyed her funny, "A douche- what?"

"Forget it." She ruffled his hair as she withdrew her arm, withholding a smile when he batted her hand away and immediately smoothed down the now unruly curls. She nodded towards his coach who now was staring at him again, "Dude, I think he's killing you in his mind. Better move that tight little ass."

She spanked him on his ass literally as she said the word and it made a ridiculously loud smack echo around the gym. His team turned to stare as he let out a high pitched yelp. She'd never heard such a high pitched noise come from a guy in her life.

Lexa cackled as he glared at her over his shoulder as he walked away, "I love to watch you walk away, Harrington!"

Billy looked majorly pissed off by the time Steve reached their side of the gym. Well that was great because Steve was pissed off too, his ass was on fire thanks to Lexa's demonic little hands and he had no idea what Billy's problem was. Other than wanting to both steal and destroy his life.

"What?"

Billy sniffed violently, "What's up with you and Lex?"

Lex, Steve thought bitterly, Lexa was already a nickname but Billy just had to be special. Steve's first instinct was to tell the truth, that they were just friends but then he caught the too casual look that Billy was trying to sport and grinned smugly, "Why?"

Billy glowered at him but said nothing else as Coach began to breakdown the days practice. Ah, yes. Seemed Steve's day was really starting to turn around.

Fifteen minutes in and Lexa was bored. Woman's exercise in 1984 was the most dire thing she'd ever been forced to endure since her arrival here. The gym craze for woman hadn't quite started yet and so she'd had mental images of Jane Fonda and unitards filling her head all day but all they'd done was run round and round and round. She'd

put some effort in for the first few laps before realising no one actually gave a shit. So now she jogged at a steady pace instead. What she would give for airpods right now. She shrieked as she narrowly avoided being pelted with a basketball on her fifth lap. She whipped her head around and spotted Steve looking sheepish, his mouth opening and closing helplessly as he held his hands up in apology.

"Harrington, you little fucke-"

He cut off her cuss, eyeing the teachers nervously as they hovered at the door seemingly totally uncaring of the students, "I'm so sorry!"

She huffed as she picked up the ball and launched it rather viciously at him, it smacked painfully into his chest and he collapsed into a heap as he wheezed pitifully. She flinched because in all honestly she thought he would have caught it before it made contact. He was on the basketball team for christ's sake, she figured he knew how to catch a ball. She ran over quickly to his side, a few other boys crowding around him at the same time, trying to hold back their sniggers.

"Oh, babe. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." He wheezed before coughing violently. He was in so much pain he couldn't even appreciate the first nice name she'd called him since he'd met her.

She honestly couldn't help but think he was milking this, there's no way she hit him that hard, "Don't be a little bitch."

He gaped at her and tugged up his top. She winched at the bright red mark streaked across his chest, "You don't be a little bitch."

She snorted glad he hadn't lost his snark at the very least. She held a hand out to pull him up but Steve was way heavier than he looked because he almost pulled her down on top of him. One set of hands caught her shoulders and another set grabbed her waist to stop her tumbling down. Bryan quickly let go of her shoulders once she was steady but the ones at her waist remained and she didn't even need to glance back to know it was Billy. He was so predictable.

She wiggled out of his hold, "Step off."

"Easy, hellcat." His words were all teasing but when she faced him his face didn't hold the same lightness it usually did. He held a hand out and all but hauled Steve to his feet as a whistle pierced through the air. It cut through the weird ass tension that was surrounding Billy and Steve.

"Winchester! I don't see you running."

Lexa moaned and jogged back over to join the other girls, none of which bothered to hide the fact that they had been watching the entire exchange. Mandy grinned at her and gave her a thumbs up. Lexa frowned completely baffled but she gave a little smile and returned the thumbs up anyway.

After school Lexa sat crossed leg in the centre of her bed. Her eyes were closed and a serene expression on her face. She was concentrating on her old room, her old bed, her old life. She could feel something building up in her. A light pressure at first but it was getting stronger and stronger. Holy shit she was actually going to do it, she was actually about to travel back to the future. The tingling feeling was at fever pitch now, almost, almost. She let out a violent sneeze and the feeling was gone. She honestly hated herself. She flopped back onto her bed and whined dramatically.

"Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit."

Her eyes shot open as she heard Dustin stomping down the hallway, cursing the entire time. She hopped up from her bed and swung open the door just as he was about to pass her room.

"What the hell are you doing?"

He was dressed up in hockey gear and she'd never seen someone startle so violently to her before. He whipped around to face her and gaped.

"Why are you here?"

"I live here."

He shook his head and was gripping her wrist and pulling her out of the house. She put up little to no resistance because she had to know where this was going. She now stood beside him, staring through the gap of the shed slats. She opened her mouth to ask what the hell he was doing before gaping as some sort of creature came crawling out of the house and then Dustin was barrelling towards it and all but bulldozing it in through the cellar doors.

"I'm sorry. You ate my cat."

"What!" Lexa shrieked and he withheld a miserable groan as he looked at her.

"Please don't."

"What the fuck was that?! It ate the cat?!" She gestured wildly, "Wait, was that living with us the entire time and you didn't tell me? Dustin!"

"I'm sorry. I knew you would freak out if I told you and what do you know? Here you are freaking out."

She shook her head in disgust and turned away from him, "I'm telling Mike."

"What?" He yelped as he scrambled to his feet and tried to run after her. His feet slipped from beneath him and he went down with a strangled yell. Lexa didn't so much as pause to check he was okay.

"Idiot."

Turns out she couldn't get a hold of Mike and neither could Dustin. She took to silently judging him as he cleaned the house and tried in vain to get a hold of any of his little friends. He'd huff at her whenever she got in his way but wisely chose not to say anything to her. She couldn't believe this little twerp. Harboured a disgusting little monster, raising it like it was an injured bird and not a rapid creature that could eat them at any given moment. She shivered just imagining it sneaking into her room in the dead of night and chewing on her leg.

She scowled when he suggested that she drive him over to Mikes

house. Instead she kindly suggested that he cycle his little ass to Mike's and then better get himself back here pronto to deal with it because she was not living in this house a minute longer while that thing skulked beneath them. With that she stomped off to her room.

She couldn't actually bare to stay there any longer and had made a dash for her car shortly afterwards, choosing to drive around town than sit on top of a time bomb. Naturally of course she now had to deal with a different type of time bomb. The kind that just crapped out in the middle of the road and left her stranded.

"Unbelievable." She muttered as she exited the car and pried open the hood, cursing as her fingers got burned on the hot hood, "Oh, motherfucker. I hate this car. I hate this goddamn town and its shitty little people."

"You got a real filthy mouth, anyone ever tell you that?"

She'd deny it but she screamed, high and girly at the voice. Billy Hargrove was currently leaning out his car window, cigarette dangling from his lips as he watched her foul mouthed rant. How the hell had she not heard his ridiculously loud beast of a car pull up beside her? Given her track record she really needs to start becoming more aware of her surroundings.

"Why are you always here? Breathing my air?"

"Get in."

"No."

"Fuck me, Winchester. Get in the goddamn car!" His bellowed, losing patience.

She flinched, it was the first time he'd lost his cool with her and frankly she didn't know how Steve didn't piss his pants at the sheer volume of his voice. He must have seen something in her face because he took a breath, puffing erratically on his cigarette before throwing it from the window.

"It's pitch black, that piece of shit isn't going anywhere anytime soon. I'm hardly going let you march your little fine ass into the dark am

I?"

She scoffed at his wording but glanced warily at her car. It was still smoking pretty badly and she honestly didn't know enough about cars to know how long it would take to cool down or if it would even run at all. Her shoulders dropped and she tucked her keys into her jean pocket and slowly made her way to Billy's car. She muttered her address and then took to rummaging through his cassettes, settling on ac/dc and jamming it in.

He didn't object so she figured he didn't have a problem with her taking over, his face was carefully blank but his thumb tapped to the beat against the steering wheel. He reached behind him and rummaged for a minute and then a jacket was flung against her face. She spluttered tugging it away and glaring at a now smirking Billy.

"You looked cold."

"I violently dislike you." She seethed but she still tugged on the denim jacket anyway. She was actually cold but hell if she would admit it out loud. Never admit weakness in front of the enemy. The stupidly nice smelling enemy she thought with a discreet sniff at his jacket. God he was annoying.

"Where were you anyway?"

"Just driving around, where were you?" She asked evasively.

"Just driving around." He mocked her, his eyes flicking towards her lips and lingering there.

She pushed his face forward, "Eyes on the road, pretty boy."

His hand caught hers before she could pull away and he rested it against his thigh. He was entirely too casual about it, like he'd done this a million times before. She stared at it and tried to tug hers away only for his grip to tighten. She let out a breathless laugh and gave up fighting for the moment.

"Is this your move?"

"Depends." He murmured his thumb stroking the back of her hand as

his grip loosened just a bit.

"On what?"

He grinned at her, "If it's working."

She shook her head, "It's not." Still she found herself turning her hand over in his grasp and lacing their fingers together. His hand was large and warm and she couldn't deny she liked the feel of it in her own but come hell or high water, all Billy Hargrove was getting from her tonight was a nice little chaste hand hold.

He didn't say anything but he squeezed her fingers and adjusted his grip too so they were properly holding hands instead of him trapping hers there. He didn't say a word but his mouth quirked up at the side. Cocky little shit.

He pulled up outside her house not too long after and they sat in heavy silence for a moment before she started to clamour out the car, "Well, thanks."

He tugged her back towards him by their still clasped hands and she found herself half sprawled in his lap, her face dangerously close to his.

"Where's my kiss?"

"Pardon?" She squeaked a little taken aback before clearing her throat and taking on a haughty tone, "I'm not kissing you."

"It's the only proper way to thank someone." His tone was matter of fact but his face was screaming that he knew she was too chicken shit to actually follow through.

She hated this idiot. Honest to god. Out of sheer bitterness she pushed forward and smacked a kiss to the corner of his mouth, dangerously close but far enough to let him know it was so not happening. His eyes widened a little and she honestly wouldn't have noticed if she wasn't so close. But she was and was more than a little smug that she'd actually took him by surprise.

"Night, douchebag."

With that she tore herself from his grasp and all but skipped out his car and up to her door. Turning on the stoop to give a bitchy little wave before she slammed the door.

5. Date Night

Chapter Three: Date Night

Lexa spun around and around but all she could see was black and it was steadily freaking her out. It astounded her how terrifying being surrounded by sheer nothingness was. Where the hell was she? It felt hazy like a dream but she could feel cold air against her skin as if she was standing in a freezer, the feeling so vividly real that she couldn't actually be sure she was asleep. It was like she was someplace in between. Maybe she was having a weird out of body experience. Maybe she had been in a boozed felled coma this entire time and now she was coming back to reality.

"Pretty."

Lexa yelped and spun around once more, expecting to see more darkness but instead spotted a little girl, cute, with short little curls framing her wide eyes. She was a nice contrast to the absolute pitch black nothingness that had been there previously but still her sudden appearance was a little creepy.

Lexa gaped at her for a moment before finding her voice, "Who are you?"

The girls eyes widened in surprise, "You see me?"

"Uhh.." Lexa stuttered looking bewildered, "Am I not meant to?"

She shook her head, "No one else does." She shrugged sadly, her eyes downcast, "Eleven."

"Pardon me? Eleven, what?"

"Me" She pointed at herself, "Eleven."

It dawned on the older girl what she meant, "Oh. I'm Lexa."

"Pretty." She repeated.

"Thank you. You are too." Lexa smiled at blush that over took the

younger girls cheeks at the returned compliment before she gestured around them, "What is this?"

"Nothing. Everything."

"Okkkaaay. That was nice and vague. I would like to wake up now." Lexa drawled slowly before eyeing the girl weirdly, "Wait, wait. Did you say Eleven? As in, Mike's Eleven?" She didn't even let her answer before realisation hit her all at once, "Well, of course you are. How many little girls are called Eleven?"

"You know Mike?" Eleven brightened and then dimmed all at the same time. It was a little heartbreaking to witness if she was honest.

Lexa made a move to comfort her but stopped suddenly and stared as blood started seeping out of the girls nose, slowly and then at an alarming rate. Her eyes started to redden and Lexa grimaced and reached out to touch the young girls face.

"Oh, sweetheart. Are you okay?"

Eleven blinked, the soft concerned tone taking her back before she smiled sadly, her fingers grasping Lexa's before they made contact with her face, "Waking up."

Red streaked across the otherwise black backdrop, Eleven squeezed the older girls hand before releasing her, "Come find me."

Lexa gaped in wild panic, "Wait! How do I -?"

She didn't even get to finish her sentence before she was unceremoniously and violently thrown from her dream to the shrieking of her alarm clock. She shot up in bed, a hand clutched to her thudding heart, sweat plastering her hair to her forehead.

"Oh, fudgestick."

She didn't know why but she didn't say anything to Dustin even though he was eyeing her suspiciously from across the breakfast table. She avoided his eyes and kept quiet though she dimly realised that would only make him more suspicious. She muttered something incoherent about going to get her car before pushing back from the

table. She stopped suddenly when she remembered her car was in the middle of a back road. She debated asking Mrs H for a ride out to collect it but in all honesty she wasn't too sure where it actually was. She hadn't really had a destination in mind when she had been driving around town last night. A denim jacket draped across the back of the chair caught her eye and she groaned. She supposed she could track down Billy, get him to drop her off and hand back his jacket all in one go. She just knew he was going to be a smug little asshole about it though and she didn't know if she was mentally prepared for it today.

Against all her common sense she got his address out of Dustin who eyed her with vast amounts of worry when she asked for Max's address. He briefly thought she was going to see Max and wondered for what reason before it sunk in that she was going to see Billy and he point blank asked her if she was an idiot. She scowled at him and told him to mind his freaking business before tugging on the oversized jacket and flouncing out the room.

So here she was standing outside Billy Hargrove's door. She hesitantly knocked, no answer came so she knocked again. Still no one seemed to stir even though she could hear music pounding throughout the house. She rolled her eyes and all but pounded on the door. A few seconds later it swung open and Max's moody face stared at her. The little redhead stared at her, then looked over her shoulder back into the house where Lexa assumed Billy was before turning back to the blonde with a disgusted look.

"Ugh, I thought you were better than that." She scowled at Lexa's baffled look, "Billy! It's a girl for you."

The door wrenched further open a moment later and Billy loomed behind Max before Lexa could even think to defend herself. Billy leaned against the doorframe, ever present cigarette dangling from his lips and a faint sheen of sweat lingered on his skin as if he'd been exercising. He grunted at Max and the younger girl took that as her queue to disappear from sight.

He eyed Lexa up and down, "Well, well , well -"

She waved a hand dismissively, "Yeah, don't get too excited. I just

need you to take me back to my car."

"Why?"

"Why? What do you mean why? Cause I need it."

He shrugged and took a step towards her, still eyeing her despite her pointed look, "The thing is a death trap."

She scowled at him, only she was allowed to insult Bessie, "Listen, dickwad. Are you going to take me or not?"

He stared at her like no one had ever spoke to him like that before and then he disappeared from view. She was waiting for the door to slam in her face because in all honesty she was a little hostile for someone that was asking for his help. Her dream had left her a little frazzled and Billy pushed her buttons at the best of times never mind when she was paranoid and sleep deprived. He thankfully did not bitch her out and tell her to go screw herself but instead came back a few moments later with a jacket on and his keys dangling from his finger. He gestured to her impatiently, "Well move your ass."

They rode for fifteen minutes before Billy broke the blissful silence she was enjoying. Honestly it was kind of nice just to be driven around with his rock music playing softly in the background. She'd eyed him a couple of times at the start but he was totally focused on driving and she'd found herself relaxing back into the seat, his weirdly calm demeanour soothing her.

She'd almost fallen asleep when a deep chuckle startled her, "Bad night?"

She shrugged, biting back a bitchy comment, "S'ok."

He glanced at her, nodding once, then twice before speaking again, "We should go out. Tonight."

She stared at the side of his face in honest to lord shock for a minute, "Uh, why?"

"You know why."

"Uh, no I don't, otherwise I wouldn't be asking." She snorted in disbelief, "What about us has made you consider this would remotely be a good idea?"

"I'm hot. You're hot." He smirked at her, "Beside you owe me."

"For what?" She asked heatedly.

He gestured to the road ahead of them and her crappy little car came into view. She scowled at it in complete contempt. Piece of shit. She knew she was going to regret asking Billy for help but in all seriousness he'd thrown her through a loop. He didn't strike her as someone who went on dates. Meet up in a hotel? Sure. Park up in the back of his car? 100% but an honest to god date?

"No."

He laughed, loud and bright and it was a little unsettling to hear after rejecting someone, "It's one date, hellcat. I'm sure you'll survive."

"You might not." She sneered, annoyed when that only seemed to amuse him more.

"Cmon, one night. If you don't have fun, I'll leave you alone. If not..."

Well now that was seriously tempting. Part of her was a little worried that she actually would have fun and the other half worried that Billy's temper seemed to swing from one extreme to another and she didn't know what she would do if he threw an erratic tantrum. Still he intrigued her. There she said it, he was interesting and complicated despite his serious attempts at pretending he wasn't. Also he gave back as good as he got with her and seemed quite capable of handling the bitchier aspects of her personality. However he was also a major player and seemed driven to plow through half the women of this town.

"Fine."

He grinned at her and she blinked because that is absolutely not what she meant to come out of her mouth. He caught the slight widening of her eyes and chuckled lightly at her growing panic.

"No take backs."

She spluttered, "But I-"

His chuckle turned into a cackle, "I'll pick you up at 7."

He leaned over her and popped open the door, he made a show of slowly pulling back, his hand squeezing her thigh before resting back on the steering wheel. His fingers drumming happily along to the beat of the song.

Lexa grumbled as she hopped out his car, shutting the door with a little more force than necessary and stomping towards her car. Billy waited until she'd revved her engine before obnoxiously tooting at her and laughing as she threw him the middle finger in response.

She was wearing a dress. Why she was wearing a dress she did not know. It wasn't really her style and for all the times she was actually going to be a stupid girl she decided it should be on the night she was going on a date with Billy Hargrove? She'd officially lost her marbles. Not only had she agreed to a date with someone that was potentially unhinged but she was actually making herself pretty for it. She shook her head and smoothed a hand over her stomach as she stared at her reflection. She scoffed and flicked her hair over her shoulder and decided that she was being pretty for herself and absolutely no one else. There weren't many reasons to get dressed up in this stupid town and she was merely taking advantage of the opportunity.

She tugged on her jacket as a knock sounded at the front door. She glanced at the clock on her wall and raised a brow. 7pm on the dot and christ he'd actually come to her door instead of tooting his horn. Least he had *some* manners. Lexa stopped dead as she rounded the corner and spotted Mrs H beaming at Billy, her cheeks flushed and giggling at whatever obnoxious thing he was saying. He caught her eye and winked at her. She rolled her eyes and grabbed her purse from the side table and made her way to him.

Mrs H cooed at her pretty dress and Lexa fought down her body's natural response to flush in mortification, especially when Billy took the opportunity to thoroughly look at her. Her face wanted to flush for a whole other reason at the filthy look Billy gave her bare legs.

She mumbled a goodbye to the other woman with a vague promise not to be late before all but pushing Billy through the door.

He opened the car door for her when they reached it and leaned in close, his breath against her ear, "You look hot."

"I'm always hot." She sniped but the words trailed off as their eyes met. He nodded knowingly like he knew that was going to be her response and it pissed her off a little. With a huff she plopped down into the seat. He rounded the car and got in but stared at her a little while before smirking and tugging her hair from where it was trapped beneath the collar of her jacket.

"Nice jacket." He remarked before throwing the car into gear and driving.

She frowned before glancing at her torso and frankly the ground could swallow her whole at this point and it would be less painful than this moment. She was wearing his freaking jacket. So not only had she not given it back but she gotten so used to wearing it that she'd flung it over her outfit without so much of a thought. He was going to be a smug little asshole about this all night she could already tell.

She chose to ignore it anyway, "Where we going?"

She was honestly expecting him to state they were just going to park up at the quarry so she was pleasantly surprised when he said the drive in. She'd of preferred the more public setting of the actual cinema but at least it was an proper date venue. When they'd arrived he'd promptly got out and bought her soda and candy and didn't complain once when she'd started stealing his popcorn despite claiming that she didn't want any. They made small talk when the movie lulled and it was actually kind of nice. She ignored the churning in her stomach when she realised she was honestly having a good time. She stared at the side of his face before sighing and twisting herself sideways, her legs curling up under her and her back against Billy's arm, her head coming to rest on his shoulder. If he was surprised by the move he didn't say anything, just shifting to drape his arm around her and resting his hand on her bare thigh, his palm was hot and resting just under the hem of her dress and she should

move it, she really should but she left it there instead. No reason for it.

She was barely paying attention to the movie after a further ten minutes because Billy's thumb was swiping back and forth across her soft skin. It wasn't even a scandalous move and yet it was the only thing she could fixate on, that and what would happen if she slide his hand just a little bit higher. She really needed laid, that's all this was. Sexual tension was inevitable with anyone mildly attractive at this point. She was resolute in this fact until Billy skimmed his hand down to her knee, squeezed and then resumed his position and dear god she was horrifyingly horny from a knee squeeze. So distracted by her thoughts the piercing scream from the movie caused her to startle and grip Billy's arm in fright.

He chuckled into her hair, his head resting gently against the crown of her head, "Easy."

His voice vibrated through her and she released her death grip on his forearm, letting her fingers softly trail down to loosely curl over the hand still on her thigh. Her heart was pounding in her chest as she was about to arguably make her stupidest mistake since arriving in Hawkins yet. His fingers flexed against her flesh and before she could reprimand her stupid horny self she was gliding his hand further under her dress until it was resting dangerously high on her inner thigh. His grip tightened, then his fingers stretched and all it would take is a little nudge from him to slip under her panties but he didn't. Instead he was nudging her head with his own and she turned and tipped hers back, their lips whispering against each others. It wasn't the most comfortable of positions but his warm breath floated over her lips and her eyes dipped to look at his, wet and pink from his cherry slushy and oh hell if she was doing this, she was *doing* this. She twisted fully around, now kneeling in her seat, Billy's hand sliding around to rest just under her ass from the movement and then she was surging forward to capture his lips with her own. He responded in no time at all, fighting to dominate the kiss, his free hand settling at the base of her throat, his fingers curving around and holding her firmly to him, his other hand fully cupping her backside now, groaning happily as his fingers pushed under the edge of her underwear to squeeze bare flesh. She was getting a little carried away

she couldn't lie, her fingers had slipped into the opening of his shirt, cold fingers against his chest, her nails scratching against the muscle hidden there. Before she knew it she was clamouring into his lap and it was a clash of teeth and tongue and slick lips and her hips were grinding against his and time had no meaning.

The blaring of a horn had her reeling backwards and smacking her head off the roof. Seemed the film was over and people who weren't there to make out were trying to leave.

She cursed and pouted when Billy laughed, his hand leaving her neck to tangle in her hair and massage the painful bump. She took a proper look at him and was a little proud. The boy looked dishevelled to hell, puffy red lips and mussed hair. A hard on that was insistently pressing into her as he levelled her with a heated look.

He gripped her waist tight, keeping her firmly in place, "I knew you'd have fun."

She rolled her eyes dramatically, "Whatever. You aren't the most horrendous company. Top 3 worst though for sure."

He grinned, leaning forward to capture her lips again, his big hands sliding around her back underneath the jacket before dropping down and squeezing her hips, pushing her pleurably down on his clothed crotch.

"You look hot in my clothes."

She shivered from the contact and the deep tone of his voice and murmured against his lips, "I should get home before my ass gets grounded."

She knew damn well that Mrs H wouldn't ground her but she was a little concerned how far she was willingly to let Billy get and figured it would be safer to bail and get her head straight so she could figure it out.

Billy moaned in annoyance but nodded despite his lips biting and sucking her throat instead of making a move to disengage with her. She gracelessly and reluctantly pulled herself from his lap and back

into her own seat, fully aware that she had just flashed him as her dress tugged down in the move and frankly a little happy that she had from the mournful look he shot her tits.

"In case you weren't keeping score, you lost the bet, beautiful. You owe me another date."